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Too Handsome for Anything.

BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both his parents, that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly he was exceedingly spoiled; never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plumb cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plumb cake and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes, such hair, such teeth, such a figure, such manners, too—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them; for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nature of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. "What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with *him.*"

"And why, love?"

"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the school master's wife.

They took our hero from school.

"What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the Lord Chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."

The Lord Chancellor dined there that day. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him. His Lordship was a little, rough faced, mettle browed, hard featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he; "no, no, that will never do! Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my Lord!" said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the —— Regiment of Dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding school, and every body laughed at him.

"He's a d—d ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "a horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "if he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good looking; "if he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Col. Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say, Mr. Bumpemwell, (to the riding-master) make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, he will never ride better."

"But why the d—l will he not?"

"Bless you, Colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true!" said Lieut. St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the Colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut. Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the —— regiment, and challenged the Colonel. The Colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the Colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.

The parents were in despair. They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle.

"He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in Parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragoon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart, and made notes on the English constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heared.* Indulgence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbors.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

"Too fond of his hair to have anything in his head!" said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone, but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first rate speaker had begun worse; and many a country member had become a phœnix of promise upon half his merit.

Not so thought the heroes of the corn laws.

"Young Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business, either," added a chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civilest of the set, "he's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he's going to speak again—this will never do—we must cough him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. "You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip, and six thousand a year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus, then, our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one; "a handsome fortune hunter, who wants to make the best of his person;" "handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army, and murdered his Colonel!" "Never marry a beauty," said a third; "he can admire none but himself." "Will have so many mistresses," said a fourth. "Make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth. "Spend your fortune," said a sixth—"And break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to our lover; especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him in hope, and suffered him to get in debt with his tailor and his coachmaker, on the strength of his becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then, our hero depended solely on the crabbed old uncle, and Miss Helen Convolvulus; the former, though a baronet and satirist, was a banker and a man of business: he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly," said the nephew.

"Humph!" granted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, to marry a man so admired—will you always be faithful!"

"By Heaven!" cried the lover—

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricle—by Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding day, the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolence—"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she "for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!"

"Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator, (who, as I have said before, was a bit of a satirist,) "my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brode*)—"my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, painstaking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to make my nephew, Ferdinand, my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will no doubt win him an heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, have short legs," but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones. The next day, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband."

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as, a day or two after the dissolution of Parliament, he was riding along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy in a hackney coach, bound for the King's Bench.

"Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison."

A Touching Story is told by Lieut. Parsons, in his "Nelsonian Reminiscences." Richard Bennett, when mortally wounded, in one of Nelson's great battles, had requested that a miniature, and a lock of his hair, should be given, by Lieut. P. to his sweetheart, Susette, in Scotland. The gallant Lieutenant thus describes the interview:

It was at the close of the day, when a bright July sun was on the point of setting, that I arrived at the very pretty cottage of Susette's mother. I tremulously stated who I was to the most respectable looking matron I ever saw of French extraction. In broken and bitter accents of heartfelt grief, she told me her daughter's death was looked for, and requested time to prepare her to see me. At last she expressed a wish to see the friend of Richard Bennett; and I was admitted to the fairest daughter of Eve that ever found this world unequal to her blossoms. She was propped up with pillows, near the open lattice of her bed room, that was clustered with roses. Her white dress, and the drapery of the room accorded with the angelic vision, who now turned her lustrous eyes upon me, veiled in long fringed eyelids. She held out her transparent hand, and gently pressed mine, as I knelt to kiss it: and as she felt my tears drop on it, softly murmured, "I wish I could cry; *that* would relieve my poor heart." She gasped for breath, and respired with difficulty. "The lock of hair—quickly, while I can see it." She caught at it, wildly pressed it to her lips and heart, and fell back. Her mother and I thought she had fainted; but the pure and innocent soul had returned to God who gave it.

A BATHING SCENE.—Mr. Kendall, in his Santa Fe Sketches, says:—

"At Ojo Caliente there is a noted warm well in the edge of the town, and several of our party visited it for the purpose of bathing. The water boils up in great quantities, and forms a large and deep basin from the very fountain head. We immediately divested ourselves of our clothing, and dashed into the refreshing element—diving and swimming about in water just warm enough to be comfortable. Before we had left the large natural bathing tub, our party was increased by the arrival of several Mexican girls, who, not in the least daunted by our presence, immediately joined in our aquatic sports. With merry and joyous laughter they commenced splashing the water about them; now diving to the bottom, and then rising to the surface, shaking the water from their long hair, and paddling about like Newfoundland dogs.

"The customs of the country sanction the open commission of scenes such as I have just mentioned, and many others which would be deemed highly indelicate in other lands; and however much the foreigner may at first be tempted to doubt their strict correctness, he soon learns that no conventional rules oppose a barrier to such acts. True modesty consists in the thought which governs every action; and viewed in this light, there was certainly no immodesty in the girls of Ojo Caliente indulging in a bathe, even if they did appear 'right before folks,' as the philosophic Sam Slick would say."

A TEMPERANCE TEA PARTY.—A tea party was held at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening, at which nearly four thousand gentlemen and ladies were present.

Eruption of Mount Ætna.

The following account of the recent eruption of Mount Ætna, is from a correspondent of the London Despatch. The eruption took place in the fore part of December last.

We started from Palermo, by the Messina road, at half past 7 o'clock on Monday morning, December 5, and towards sunset on the following day, arrived at Aderno, (144 Sicilian or 115 English miles from the capital) and thence, while changing horses, we had the first view of the eruption. We could plainly discern the fiery stones rising and falling, but at that distance looking like sparks. A ball of fire seemed to roll up from the crater, swelling as it rose into the form of a vast balloon, from the top of which proceeded a blazing column, which, at length, burst at its summit, and fell in soft showers of slowly descending fire. Next morning we arranged for our excursion up the mountain, and started at 12 at night. The lava grew stronger as we advanced, and on turning a projecting point of the mountain, the crater and the upper part of the stream of lave burst upon our sight in all its magnificence.

We were now 4500 feet up the mountain, and about six miles distant from the crater. I do not think it looked grander at any higher point. The volcano was spouting out fire and red-hot stones to a prodigious height, fully twice as great as that of the cone, which is 1100 feet high, in a large column, apparently of the size of a martello tower, at the mouth of the crater, and distending, to an enormous bulk, till at its utmost height, it burst into myriads of fiery fragments, those on the left being particularly conspicuous, because there was no lava there, and the red-hot stones contrasted with the dark side of the mountain. As they fell they cast a bright glow on the snow, and each particular fiery fragment lighted up its own portion of the snowy surface, while a column of illuminated steam arose wherever the hissing balls of fire sunk upon the ground.

The higher we climbed the longer line we saw of lava; and after another hour and a half's ascent we reached a plain of seeming sand and (being in fact, pulverised scoriæ,) of about a mile square in extent, and studded with genista or broom, the only plant that grows at this height, which was above the Cassa del Bosco. Here the guides required us to stop, as it would be highly dangerous to proceed further during the night. We were, however, well content to halt in the position we had now attained, as we enjoyed a complete view of the crater, and of the whole stream of lava from its source to the lowest depth it had yet reached. The crater thus seen, resembled an enormous bowl brimming over with molten metal, such as one sees in the cannon foundries, which streamed down in cascades of living fire, and it struck against some stupendous rock upon the mountain side, and separated into various currents, twisting and winding in rivulets of fire, snake-like, along the surface of the mountain; so tortuous in its course that where the stream of lava was full ten miles long, no part of it had yet reached above two miles from its source in the volcano.

Along with the volume of flame incessantly vomited forth by the crater, we now heard at every burst a booming sound like the roaring of the sea against an iron bound coast, gradually swelling louder and louder, as if beginning far down in the bowels of the earth, and bellowing more fearfully as it approached the outlet, whence it issued ever and anon with fresh explosions like terrific peals of thunder. In the prodigious blaze of light we could not for some time perceive that the lava did not, as we at first supposed, brim over the lip of the cup, but burst a passage through the side of the cone some 300 feet below the top, whence it gushed out in an impetuous flood, and presently flowed in bubbling runnels of liquid fire that ran along the ground, at first in narrow streams sometimes as fine as chains of forked lightning linked together, flashing along the snow, but these as they descended fell into one another. Another current swept down the hill-side with a statelier march, the flood of fire occasionally overflowing, flinging a golden glare upon the surrounding snow, till at about a distance of two miles from its source it struck against a tall rock overhanging a shelving precipice, many hundred feet deep, and splitting itself on the rock into two divided torrents, like the falls of the Rhine, at Scheffhausen; it leaped in twin cascades of fiery flood sheer down into the gulf of desolation that yawned below. Occasionally we could see huge rocks spouted out from this fall of fire, and shot away in separate masses into the ravine, thundering along the blocks of old lava in the Val del Bove, into which the fresh stream poured, stretching like strings of burning beads along the distant snow.

When the first excitement which this sight, 'horribly beautiful,' produced, had partially subsided, we began to feel the pinching cold insufferable. Our feet were stony, as if all circulation had departed, and on dismounting from our mules it was with great difficulty that we could stand. Indeed, no wonder, for we were within a few hundred feet of perpetual snow, and the wind, though happilly very moderate, cut through us like a razor, bringing water to our eyes, and freezing our ears and noses. But any temporary sufferings, any toil would have been amply repaid by the splendor and magnificence of the majestic sight upon which we were gazing. It is pleasant to know that the eruption has not caused, and is not likely to cause, much damage, by reason of the desolate soil over which the lava has this time directed its course. It is not expected to last much longer.

FALSEHOOD OF THE PRESS.—*An Extract.*—According to the witty assertion of some modern satirist, a Chinese observer has remarked, that the lie is to be found in composition with all the descriptions of periodical writings in England—and he might have added other civilized countries—as expressive of the prevailing practice. There are, he says, the day *lie* papers; the week *lie* papers; the month-*lie* publications and the quarter-*lie* reviews. He asserts that incessantly, instantly, curiously, magnificently, stupendously, certainly, surely, &c. are all compounds of the same word and should be written incessant *lie,* instant *lie* curious *lie,* magnificent *lie,* stupendous *lie,* certain *lie,* sure *lie.* To these he adds, as striking examples, kingly and ministerially, or, as he writes them, king *lie,* and ministerial *lie.* He remarks, add the above satirist, that the lie is the grand termination of English discourse; and conjectures that the *mendacity* is derived from the common practice of men; an error showing at least his ignorance of Latin and the origin of words, however right he may be in his estimate of the import of our language.

A lamentable degree of point and truth is there, in the above witticism! More especially does it apply to the party press. With some honorable exceptions on both sides of the Atlantic—among which, on our own side, William C. Bryant of the New York Evening Post is one of the most distinguished,—there is hardly a paper that can be depended on, if party spirit bid it lie, to resist the temptation and speak the truth. The lines of a German epigrammist apply not inaptly to these Cretans of the partisan press:

"See! yonder goes old Mendax, telling lies,
To that good, easy man with whom he's walking"
"How know you that?" you ask with some surprise;
"Why don't you see, my friend, *the fellow's talking*"

This is a very melancholy conclusion to come to, seeing the power and influence which the press exerts; and the far greater power and influence it might exert, if men could trust to and believe it. But Thomas Jefferson came to that conclusion in his time; and we, I fear, bating the honorable exceptions aforesaid, must come to it in ours.—*Robert Dale Owen.*

Notes on Gardening.

PRUNING.

The objects of pruning, are, to promote growth and bulk; lessening bulk; modifying form; promoting the formation of blossom buds; enlarging fruit; adjusting the stem and branches to the root, and removal or cure of diseases.

Pruning to promote the growth and bulk of a tree, is merely cutting off the weak lateral shoots, that the portion of sap destined for their nourishment, may be thrown into the strong ones.

Pruning for lessening the bulk of a tree, consists in little more than what is technically called heading *down;* that is, cutting off the leading shoots within an inch or two of the main stem.

Pruning for modifying the form of the tree, embraces the management of the plant from the time of its propagation. Almost every tree has a different natural form, and in botanic and landscape gardening, it is seldom desirable to attempt altering these by pruning, or by any other operation. In *all* cases, a moderate number of small branches are to be left on the trunk, to facilitate the circulation of the sap and juices.

Pruning to promote the formation of blossom-buds, depends upon the nature of the tree. The peach and nectarine produce their blossoms on the preceding year's wood; consequently the great art of pruning a peach tree, is to have a regular distribution of young wood over every part of it. This the tree has a natural tendency to effect itself, and all that is required, is, when these shoots are too abundant, to rub them off in the summer pruning; and where they are too few, to shorten some of the less valuable branches or shoots in the winter pruning. In apples, pears, plums, cherries, and quinces, the blossoms are chiefly produced on short leafy spurs, which form themselves naturally, along the sides of the shoots. The production of blossom-buds, is sometimes promoted by cutting out the weak wood.

Pruning for the enlargement of the fruit, is effected either by diminishing the number of blossom-bearing branches, or shortening them; both which operations depend upon the nature of the tree. The mode of shortening is particularly applicable to the vine and the raspberry.

Pruning for adjusting the stem and branches to the roots, is solely applicable to transplanted trees; in which it is an essential operation, and should be performed in the interval between *removal* and *replanting,* when the plant is entirely out of the ground. If only the extremity of the fibres are broken in taking up, then no part of the top will require to be taken off. But if the roots have been broken or bruised in their main branches, then the top should be pruned to correspond with it.

Pruning for curing diseases, has acquired much celebrity. Almost all vegetable diseases have their origin in the weakness of the individual: hence to amputate a part of diseased tree, is to strengthen the remaining part; because the roots retaining their original force, the same quantity of sap will be thrown upwards as when the head and branches were entire. If the disease be in the system, this practice may communicate to the tree so much strength as to enable it to throw it off; if it be local, the amputation of the part will at once remove the disease, and strengthen the tree.

Pruning of all kinds of fruit trees and flowering shrubs (excepting the rose, which should be done immediately after flowering) may be performed at any time between the month of January, and the 20th of March. It is better, however, to be *in time,* especially if the latter part of winter be open and warm; in which case, the sap being in motion, the tree must of necessity be deprived of a great portion of the nourishment intended for its use the coming season.

CULTIVATION OF CHINA.—To the fertility of the soil, we may add the consideration that it is extensively cultivated. China contains, it has been before observed, 830,719,360 English acres; and if we allow one-third of this area for hills, rivers, marshes, and waste lands, we shall have 553,812,906 acres for cultivating land. In ascertaining this, however, we are not left to conjecture; as there exists a report made to the Emperor Keenlung, in the year 1745, of the amount of land then under cultivation; according to which, it appears that, reckoning the land belonging to individuals with that in possession of the Tartar standards, the military, the priests, and the literary, there were at that time 595,598,221 English acres under cultivation; since which period, a new estimate has given 650,579,381 English acres as the total extent of occupied land in China. Thus it appears that more than three-fourths of the surface are owned and tilled by man; allowing, according to the highest census, nearly one acre and three quarters to each individual. The greatest part of this area is laid out exclusively in arable land, and devoted to the production of food for man alone. In China, the natives make no use of cheese or butter, and very seldom of milk; the principal animal food is pork, which is home fed. They have few horses for travelling, pomp, or war; and the only cattle they keep are such as are needed in husbandry; hence there are no grazing farms, no meadows, and very little pasture; while every acre of ground, capable of being cultivated, is turned up by the spade or the plough, in order to afford sustenance to the teeming inhabitants. The few beasts of burden or of draught which they keep, are either tethered to a string by the side of the road, or turned out to graze on the hills; while they are supplied by night with a little straw or bean stalks, which is also their principal food during the winter. A common is quite unusual throughout the eastern half of China; while parks and pleasure grounds are proportionably scarce, as the anxiety to serve the appetite prevails over the desire of amusement.—*Medhurst's China.*

PEACH TREES.—If those who have peach trees will now, while the ground is frozen, put a good covering of straw or other warm litter around them so that the ground about them may continue frozen some weeks longer than it otherwise would a yield of peaches may with confidence be expected, if the flower bud is not already destroyed. It would be all the better before applying the straw to heap a bushel or two of ice around each tree. The buds of peach trees are often killed during the winter by a sudden freeze succeeding a warm interval during which the sap began to flow and the buds to expand. This is not apt to happen in cold exposed situations, and may be prevented by keeping the ground under the trees frozen as much as possible in the winter. The straw or litter should always be removed during the cold weather, and returned before the thaw. When it snows, the snow should be heaped around the tree and firmly trodden down. By very little attention trees will as certainly bear fruit as leaves.

THE DRY ROT.—This disease (so called) in timber, says a writer in London's Architectural Magazine, ought to be designated *a decomposition of wood by its own internal juices,* which have become vitiated for want of a free circulation of air. If you rear a piece of timber in an upright position in the open air, it will last for ages. Put another piece of the same tree into a ship or house, where there is no access to the fresh air, and ere long it will be decomposed. But should you have painted the piece of wood which you placed in an upright position, it will not last long because the paint having stopped up its pores the imprisoned juices have become vitiated and caused the wood to rot. Nine times in ten, wood is painted too soon.

☞ When you have kicked a *puppy* for his meanness, if he turns about and *barks* at you, you will only make a fool of yourself by chasing him through the streets, for the purpose of kicking him again. Better let kicking once, suffice.—*Mishawaka Tocsin.*

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.—The recent debate held in the Tabernacle on the capital punishment question must have suggested to every thinking mind, one or two important thoughts. The opposition to one great and benevolent reform of the day seems to have sprung from the church. On the side of the hangman we saw arrayed, two reverend dignitaries, who strained every nerve—for what, to meliorate the condition of society! No! but to confirm and strengthen one of its most barbarous laws, its fool and wicked code of blood. On the other side, we saw laymen engaged in the active pursuits of life, making no pretensions to be teachers of the benignant and beautiful morality of Christ, equally zealous with the reverend opponents, but unlike them, in the hallowed and philanthropic attempt to wipe the red stain from our statute books, and diffuse a spirit of goodness and love through our legislation. The watchwords of the clericals were "the gallows and the gospel," those of the seculars, religion and reform. Would it be misrepresenting the fact to say that in this particular instance, we have striking exemplification of the relative position, in all other social movements, of the church and the world!

We remember that a few years since a clergyman somewhat distinguished in the Episcopal Church, wrote a book called Protestant Jesuitism, in one chapter of which he maintained that the world was much better than the church. If his doctrine be true then, as we believe it was, it is much more true now. The world is far in advance of a large portion of the church. While the church-men have been exhausting their energies in impossible attempts to strike a balance between old and exploded systems of the theology, the world has been going forward in the knowledge of truth, and from experience has learned the necessity for a better practice than that which has been all along taught by the church. A higher ideal for society has possessed the minds of men engaged in the actual conflicts of life than that which animates the church. In fact, as far as the moral and spiritual elevation of mankind in concerned, the church is a dead agent. It has no vitality, no strong power, hardly any faith. When its more active members even, would accomplish some practical good, they are obliged to step outside the church organization, and erect an independent organization of their own. How long had the church preached and thundered its dogmas and anathemas, without reforming one drunkard, or arousing the conscience of a single moderate rum-drinker! What social vice can it lay its finger upon, and say that it was removed through its agency! And are not the great reforms that have been effected for the last twenty years, the work of men acting separately from the church organization! What means this vast and mighty temperance reformation which appears to have run over society with the rage of an epidemic! Have the churchmen ever looked into the secret significance of this fact! Is it not a loud expression of dissatisfaction with the labors of the church! Jesus Christ intended that the church should be the great reforming agent of good society—his pretended followers have made it a stumbling-block and a restraint. The only life it ever manifests, is the spasmodic or galvanic life which is shown during what is called its revivals, or those perodical states of artificial excitement which convulse it "between sleeps."

Do we mean by this, to bring the church into contempt! By no means. We merely desire to show it that it must be aroused from the false and hurtful attitude in which it has been placed.—*N. Y. Morn. Post.*

SINGULAR DEATH.—About eighteen months since, a person by the name of John Ballard, an Englishman, purchased three acres of land, in a secluded valley, on the north side of the Township Line road, about three-fourths of a mile above Rittenhouse-town, where he erected with his own hands, (though to appearance unused to work) a small shanty in which he took up his lonely abode, and refused all communication with his neighbors. His ground was left uncultivated—he lived sparingly, and obtained his small wants no one scarcely knew where. His design was evidently to live the life of a hermit, for he repulsed in a manner not to be misunderstood all advances towards familiarity on the part of his neighbors, and a short time ago expressed a determination to remove to a more secluded spot.

On Tuesday evening of last week, a stranger passing along the road, went to the shanty to inquire his way; but receiving no reply to his knock for admittance, he looked through a window, and discovered a person sitting at a table, he knocked again, and finally, the door being unlocked, he entered the house. The occupant still remained sitting in his chair; but the traveller on approaching nearer, discovered that he was dead, his head thrown back, and a cup of coffee, frozen, standing before him on a table. It is supposed that he died either from a disease of the heart, or apoplexy, and that he must have ceased to live for nearly a week preceeding. This was supposed from the fact that every morning he placed at his window a rude board, on which he chalked the day of the month, and this has been omitted since the Tuesday before. An inquest was held the same night, by Israel Gilbert, Esq., of Chesnut Hill.

Ballard is represented to have been at one time worth thirty or forty thousand dollars, most of which was lost by the failure of banks, and from other causes. But little money was found about him, although he had jewelry, &c. to the amount of $600 or $800, consisting of two gold guard chains, a splendid diamond ring, a pair of bracelets set with diamonds, silver forks, spoons, &c.

It is stated that he had a wife and one child in New York, from whom he had been some time separated; and a brother and sister in England. He was about fifty years of age.

His body was taken to the Alms-house, whence it was interred, on Monday last, and his effects have been administered by Mr. Bromley, of Manayunk, an acquaintance and countryman.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The individual here referred to was well known in this city. He became a victim to the bank revulsions—the failures of the Schuylkill, Girard and Vicksburg banks, and the multicaulis speculation, and lost a very handsome fortune. This is but a common story though, now, as many persons may be found who were similarly deceived and defrauded out of their hard earned money.—*Phila. Ledger.*

CRANIA IN EGYPT.—It is currently reported that Dr. Morton, of Philadelphia, is preparing a work that will possess an extraordinary interest for the antiquarian and physiologist, on the crania of the ancient Egyptians. [illegible] have been put in his possession, belonging to a remote epoch, by Geo. R. Gliddon, late a resident of Cairo, who is now lecturing very acceptably in Boston, on the [illegible] of Egypt, and he thus will be enabled to develope some remarkable facts in regard to the primitive inhabitants of the valley of the Nile. He will satisfactorily demonstrate that the builders of the pyramids were Caucasians. This will be an unexpected discovery to the historian, since the opinion has been propagated, from age to age, that the authors of the monumental [illegible] were Africans. That they were white men, seems now placed beyond dispute by the erudite researches of Mr. Gliddon; and his assertions it is said, will be abundantly corroborated by the silent, yet convincing testimony of a large collection of dry bones, which address the modern philosopher in a language which cannot be misunderstood.—*Boston Med. Jour.*

☞ There is a woman in Buckingham county, Virginia, whosee weight is three hundred and seventy pounds; and she has a child eighteen months old, weighing ninety-three pounds.

AWFUL CATASTROPHE AT TROY, N. Y.—On Friday last, a land slide occurred at Troy, N. Y., from the hill, (Mt. Ida,) where the awful catastrophe of January 1, 1837, transpired, exceeding in extent and consequences that memorable disaster.

Some eight or ten dwellings, occupied by poor families were crushed and buried beneath the mass of earth. In these, it is supposed, there were not less than thirty or forty persons, only ten or twelve of whom escaped.

Within an hour, nine bodies had been dug from the ruins—five of whom were without life, one partially injured, and three not beyond recovery.

Had this avalanche occurred in the night, the destruction of life would have been still greater, as many occupants of the houses were absent at their labor or elsewhere.

A man from the country, passing at the time with his team, leaped from his sleigh and escaped. The horses and load of wood were buried beneath the earth.

We have just left the scene of disaster. It is one of horrific desolation. Thousands were congregated on the spot, and a corps of efficient men engaged in penetrating the earth, and clearing away the fragments of buildings.

The mass of earth which fell, was some acres in extent, and apparently fifteen or twenty feet in depth. It is stated that seventeen persons were known to have perished.

The work of excavating was prosecuted without intermission for several hours, and the following dead bodies taken out, according to a list prepared by the common council:

Mrs. Matthew Greenin and child; Mrs. William Brazell and two children; Michael Dunn; Thomas Keely and wife; Edward Dumbleton, a lad; a child of James Caldwell; two children of Daniel E. Day; Miss Ann Wilber; a child of Mrs. Gardner, and Miss Jane Sanford—in all, fifteen.

The following persons were taken out alive:

Mrs. Kilfoile, one arm broken; a child of Z. P. Birdsall; James McCollom; Mrs. Gardner; two children, names not ascertained; James Barnett and wife.

The scenes which occurred during the exhumation of the living and dead bodies defy all description. Mr. Birdsall and his wife, who occupied one of the houses destroyed, were both absent from home at the time of the disaster, having left their children in the charge of a sister of Mrs. B. They returned while the workmen were engaged in excavating the earth above their dwelling, and were rendered almost frantic by the sight of the terrible calamity which had overwhelmed them. One of their children and the sister of Mrs. B. were finally rescued alive. Other scenes, highly distressing in their character, also occurred, but of which it is impossible to give a detailed description.

Mrs. Kilfoile, an aged lady, who was rescued about 8 o'clock, was enabled to hold communication for some time previous to her extrication, with those who were engaged in the attempt to save her, and was so exhausted that she could only articulate "water," which was handed to her by those without.

AWFUL RETRIBUTION.—A few days since, considerable excitement was produced by the disappearance of a young girl, aged about sixteen, the daughter of a Mr. Mercer, one of the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Southwark. A young man of this city, named Hutchinson Heberton, was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in her abduction, but was discharged in consequence of the girl's return to her parents. It was ascertained, however, that Heberton had seduced the young girl, and that she had gone to a house of ill-fame, in the neighborhood of Pine and Twelfth streets, where he had been in the habit of meeting her. Her absence as well as her return, we believe, was voluntary. The anguish of the family at the knowledge of the dishonor that had fallen upon the daughter of their house, no tongue can tell nor pen describe. To wipe out the stain as far as it was possible so to do, a marriage was proposed to the seducer. This was declined on his part, and the brother of the seduced then challenged him. This was also declined. The infuriate brother, stung almost to madness, determined not to be baulked in his revenge. He watched the movements of Heberton, and having ascertained that he was to leave the city on Friday evening in a carriage, by way of Camden, he concealed himself on board the ferryboat, armed with one of Colt's six barrelled pistols. Shortly after, the carriage was driven on board, with the blinds drawn up, and when within a few yards of the Jersey shore, Mercer approached the carriage and fired four balls into it in quick succession. One of them proved fatal, taking effect under the left shoulder blade, and another entering the body of Heberton. He was conveyed to a tavern in Camden, where he expired in a few minutes. Mercer immediately gave himself up to the authorities.

Thus has the atrocious crime of seduction been visited with awful and summary retribution at the hands of the outraged brother. We have been acquainted with Heberton for some years, and have always known him as a mild, amiable, and gentlemanly man; but the crime which he committed was of too black and damning a character for us to express regret or sympathy for his untimely end. For his widowed mother we feel deeply, as well as for his afflicted relatives, who are among the most respectable citizens. His fate is a striking example of the evil effect of idleness. Having no occupation, and abundant means to supply his wants, his whole time appeared devoted to intrigue and the gratification of sensual passion. Had he been engaged with the occupations of business, his mind would have been filled with other thoughts and higher aims. Let his fate be a warning to all idlers.—*Philadelphia Evening Journal.*

MR. MILLER vs. THE PROPHET DANIEL.—Mr. Miller's whole theory of error rests on four verses in the prophecy of Daniel. This prophet speaks of a "time, times and a half,"—of "2300 days," which Mr. Miller reckons years—and of the "little horn," and the "great horn," &c. &c. And it would seem from the words of Daniel himself, that though he wrote as directed by the Holy spirit, yet he understood not the meaning of what he wrote, nor when the time of the fulfilment should come. [illegible] the last chapter of his prophecy. When he was about concluding the whole matter, we find him speaking as follows:—"And I heard the man clothed in linen, which was upon the waters of the river, when he held up his right hand and his left hand unto heaven, and sware by Him that liveth forever, that it shall be for a time, times, and a half; and when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished. And I heard, but I understood not; then said I, O my Lord, what shall be the end of these things? And he said, Go thy way, Daniel; for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end." [illegible] would seem by this language that the whole matter was to be a sealed mystery till the end should come. What end? Why, Mr. Miller says, "THE END OF THE WORLD." Was the end of the world come? [illegible] And yet he has attempted to break open the seal, and reveal "dark sayings." [illegible] — [illegible] *Pamphlet.*

The New York Journal of Commerce [illegible] a curious calculation as to the quantity of snow which fell at the 5th inst., in the New England States, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The number of square miles in these nine states is 161,345. The amount of snow which fell upon this surface, supposing it to have averaged a foot in depth, was four billions, five hundred and eighty one thousand five hundred and thirty-six millions, two hundred and fifty six thousand square feet. Piled upon a base a square mile in area, it would reach a height of more than thirty-one miles, which is nearly the height of the earth's atmosphere.